Let’s start this off with a little piece of knowledge, I love the smell and taste of coffee. I love a decaf double tall-rice milk latte. No matter how much I love coffee, coffee loves me more. It loves to send me into a state of anxiety and panic breath. I drink decaf on occasion and even that takes its toll on me. How about Black tea as an alternative? Oh yes, I love chai tea lattes with rice milk done spicy with a tad of sweet. These have adverse effects as well and usually if I have them too late in the day or while inactive physically. No matter how much distress caffine causes me, there is one place in a 35 mile radius to get your beans done right and that is at my local Café Ladro in old downtown Bothell Washington. There are other reasons to love Ladro and I am here to observe and explain the culture of Ladro and the intertwined fascination with the pursuit of a coffee drink made with love.

This is a much loved hot spot for students, literary clubs, short and lengthy business meetings, moms and pops with babes, the loner, the passing through biker and even a live show once in a while. There is a garage style door that opens up the patio to the indoor lounge. The coffee colored walls are a museum of local art for sale, usually one artist at a time on display. This change in décor each time seems to tweak the nerve center ever so slightly and always on a positive note. These pieces currently displayed are my favorite yet. They are whimsical, colorful, spiritual, earthy and evoke a dream state.